VOL. XVIII.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

Essex County Herald

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, JULY 25, 1890.

Essex County Herald. FINE JOB PRINTING.

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car Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. W. H. BISHOP, Island Pond, YL.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. A HOUSEKEEPER'S DON'TS.

Don't allow the broom to stand on the brush end when not in use; hang it on a nail by means of a ring in the top of the

nuch longer, if, after using, it is dipped n boiling water for a few minutes. Don't fill the best windows in the

Don't neglect to air the house thoroughy every morning. Open opposite doors and windows for five or ten minutes,

Don't undertake extra work to give pleasure when you know that you have seither time nor strength for it, and that, as a result, some one will be sure to be

board a few inches higher than they are asually made. This little precaution will prevent many a backache.

Don't neglect to have your name plainly painted on all jugs or bottles that ere sent to the store for vinegar, molasses, etc. Then you will be sure to get back rour own.

Don't think when you sit down to rest that it is necessary to pick up that un-

Don't keep for company the best room, the best dishes, and especially the pleasantest smile and most entertaining

THE RAVAGES OF THE BUFFALO-BUG. entives are of any use against the at-

acks of this beetle, and for this re. + t is a difficult pest to eradicate. In some places it has proved so destructive that carpets have to be dispensed with, and n their place rugs are used, as being nore conveniently examined. Tallow or tallowed paper placed around

the edges of the carpet, which are often he parts first attacked, is said to be effectual. In many cases the carpets are cut, as if with a scissors, following the ine of the seams in the floor, and as a remedy for this it has been recommended that the scams be filled during the winer with cotton saturated with benzine. Kerosene, naphtha or gasoline are offensive to the beetle as well as benzine, but benzine is perhaps the simplest and safest preventive in use. Ie can be poured rom a tin can having a very small spout, t being necessary to use but little.

Before tacking down a carpet it should se thoroughly examined, and if possible steamed. If in spite of precautions a arpet is found infested, a wet cloth can e spread down along the edges, and a act iron passed over it, the steam thus generated not only killing the beetles and larvæ, but destroying any eggs that nay have been laid. Clothing is sometimes attacked as well as objects of natural history-such as stuffed birds and

naminals. It was believed that the beetle must eed on some plant, for in a number of cases it was captured out of doors, and it was finally discovered feeding on the pollen of the flowers of spireas, the beeile living on the plant for a while and then returning to the house to lay its eggs. When this was proved, it was uggested that spirceas should be planted around houses infested by the beetle; by doing this the plants could be often ex-

Sardine Salad - Use a cupful of chopped sardines, free from bones, to a pint bowl of lettuce or sliced cucumbers; season with salt, pepper, a little mustard and vinegar, and serve the salad as soon as it is made, because the lettuce begins to wilt directly it is dressed with salt and vinegar.

Lyonnaise Potatoes-Slice cold-boiled potatoes into neat rounds; cut a mediumsized onion into thin slices, and put it

Cold Chicken Wings-The wings. drumsticks, necks, livers, hearts, and gizzards of a pair of chickens, with any good portions remaining from the first

service, make an excellent dish for cold use. The pieces are first to be boiled in enough water to cover them, with a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, until tender; then each piece is to be rolled in eracker meal, dipped in beaten egg, again rolled in cracker dust, and fried in

Cold Ham With Plum Saiad-Ham properly cleaused and boiled with a few sprigs of sweet herbs, a bay leaf, at onion stuck with cloves, a lemon sliced, a red pepper, and plenty of water is a very different meat from that done carelessly without soaking or trimming away and when it is just tender cool it in its broth and cut it after it is cold. The plum salad is made by slicing the large California plums with a silver knife and

Peach Meringue-Use fresh eggs and ripe peaches peeled with a silver knife,

MASONIC DIRECTORY.

ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 44, P. & A. M. Stated C mmunicate day in each month. ERISIONE CHAPTER, No. 16, R. A. M. States Convocations the first Monday in

each month. VERMONT COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M. Stated Assemblies first Monday in each

L O. O. F.

Essex Longs, No. 13. Meets every Thurs-I. O. G. T.

istand Pond Longs, No. 40. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. G. A. R.

ERASTUS BUCK FOST, No. 78. Meets each Fridey on or before the full of the moon. W. R. C.

ERASTUS BUCK, No. 80, Dept. of Vermont. Meets alternate Thursdays.

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This Hotel is pleasantly located in one of the most flourishing villages in Northern New Hampshire, and having been thoroughly refurnished and reflitted, offers great the Summer Tourists. The inducements to Summer Tourists. The House is fitted throughout with steam beet

The Louisville Times is authority for he statement that nine out of ten crimials are bow-legged.

The Judge-Advocate-General, of New fork, has decided that the militiamen annot be compelled to attend divine

The New Orleans Times-Democrat aserts, that of the 988 colleges, with their 150,000 students, registered at Washingon, two-thirds now open their doors to

The Chicago Sun reports, that San intonio, Texas, is the objective point of good many capitalists, who see in the mmense water-power near it, immense apabilities for cheap manufacturing. In ddition to this, natural gas has been ound in paying quantities, and will be siped to the city.

The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, recently gave most extraordinary evidence in the Chamber of Deputies of his superstition regarding the evil eye. Signor Imbriani, having alluded to Signor Crispi's life as necessarily terminable, he latter fumbled in his pocket, drew out one of the horn-shaped pieces of coral used in Naples as a counter spell against the "jettatura," and openly pointed it as he speaker.

"England proposes to follow American example by establishing a criminal court of appeals, more especially for capital ases, and popular disapproval of recent lecisions of the Home Office, to which he only appeal now lies, gives much force," remarks the Chicago Post, "to the argument in favor of the reform. There is a general public impression that capital cases are dealt with too hastily and often unjustly."

The London Statist, a recognized statistical authority, places the present innual production of silver in the world at 130,000,000 ounces, and presents the following estimate of the average annual consumption:

..... 20,000,000 ox. Used in the arts Used for European and other 20,000,000 oz. taken coinages..... 30,000,000 oz. Taken for India . . Taken for China, Japan and 10,000,000 oz. the East ...

Purchased by United States

The fact that many of the natives of Sice are dying of consumption proves very clearly, observes the New York Neice, the deleterious effect of the residence of pulmonary patients in any place. It is only within the last few years that science has demonstrated the leadly character of the expectoration and the breath of consumptives. Many have louted this, but the remarkable number of deaths on the Riviers, which has always been noted for its healthfulness, goes far to bear out the theory of the experts. As Nice, Mentone, San Remo and other places on the Riviera depend almost wholly upon tourists for their support it will be impossible for them to bar the class which brings them in so much coin. It is a literal case of life and

death for them. Few people are aware of the enormous expense incurred in taking the census. The population of the United States in 1790 amounted to 3,929,214, and the cost of the census was \$14,377. This represents a cost per capita of 1.12 cents. In 1880 the population amounted to 50,155,782, and the cost of the census was \$5,862,752, showing a cost per capita of 11.75 cents, more than ten times the cost per capita of the census of 1790. The amount appropriated for the census of 1890 is \$6,000,000, exclusive of printing, engraving and binding, to be expended in gathering so much varied information. Hence the eleventh census must be considerably more expensive than the tenth census. The number of volumes in the census of 1880 were twenty-four, as compared with one volume in the census of 1790.

Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock Lighthouse, who has saved the lives of so many persons, receives from the Government a salary of \$750 a year and two tons of coal. When her father became paralytic she was made custodian of the light for life. In appreciation of her heroic efforts in saving lives she has a gold medal from the United States Treasury Department, three silver medals from the State of Rhode Island, one from the Humane Society of Massachusetts and another from the New York Life-Saving Association. It was in 1869 that General Grant presented her the splendid lifeboat Rescue, which she now has. James Fisk, Jr., built a boat-house for it and also sent the heroine a silk flag made by Mrs. McFarland, of New York. Miss Lewis is a member of Sorosis, and was presented a gold brooch by that organization. She also has a number of valuable articles from private individuals, and a token that she much appreciates was a

keg of maple surpu an l a box of oatmeal

The prison population of England has fallen off so much of late years, that out of 113 prisons, fifty-seven have been altogether closed.

The new Constitution of Brazil is, in its general outlines, modeled after the Constitution of the United States. It establishes a Federal Republic, and places power in the hands of the people.

An Euglish syndicate has been pricing one of Philadelphia's vast chemical works of international repute, and is said to have been staggered by the price named -reported to be \$20,000,000. Nevertheless, the syndicate is still negotiating

It is remarked as a curious fact that certificate representing one of our silver dollars if carried into Mexico can be sold at a premium of more than twenty per cent, over the Mexican silver dollar, which contains more silver than our

It is said that while in England Barnum, the showman, endeavored to buy the Shakespeare homestead at Avon for the purpose of exhibiting it in the United States. His negotiations looked for awhile as if they might succeed, declares the Chicago Herald, but they were finally defeated by the English Government, which got wind of the transaction and outbid the enterprising circus man.

Six hundred million dollars would omplete the Panama Canal by the year 1910, estimates the New York Sun. Before the year 1900 the cuts already wrought upon that isthmus will not have left so much as a scar. Festoons of vines, well-grown trees, a matted jungle, flocks of noisy parakeets and troops of monkeys will be the visible scene where France's millions have vanished as one of its own exhalations.

The Mail and Express thinks that 'Uncle Sam's new plan of allowing the soldiers of the regular army to buy their discharge if they get dissatisfied, and also of allowing them to quit the ranks at the end of three years, if they so elect, instead of five, ought to work well in ditional safeguard against his taking French leave of the colors."

The Musical World announces the invention of three new and appalling instruments. The first is a bass fiddle fourteen and one-half feet high and eight and one-half wide. "The performer takes his stand on a set of steps, and skips up and down as the passages to be played may require." Secondly, we have a steam trombone, "which can be distinctly heard at a distance of four miles." Thirdly, an Italian has devised what he calls a "Nasi-flauto," which the performer plays with his nose, his mouth being thus left free to smoke, sing, eat

The Bank of England's doors are now so firmly balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unimployed of the great metropolis from robbing this famous institution. The bullion departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during either day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and and a pool of water takes its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the

The correspondent of the London Telegraph supplies the latest pen picture of Bismarck: "Let me try to describe the outward seeming of my illustrious host, as he strode firmly along through the leafy paths and umbrageous winding ways of Friedrichsruh Park, manifestly as sound in 'wind and limb' as the tough est of his foresters or the hardiest of his keepers. He wore a soft, broad-brimmed hat, a thick wide neckerchief knotted in front, a long, dark, loose coat buttoned up to the throat, gray trousers and strong, double-soled boots. In his right hand, ungloved, he carried a black stick with a slightly curved handle, upon which he rarely leaned while walking on level ground. His mustache no longer overhangs his whole mouth, as of yore, but has been trimmed comparatively short so as to show the under lip. He bears himself in his old martial fashion, with head erect and shoulders well thrown back. The incipient corpulence which made him appear somewhat over-bulky about ten years ago has entirely vanished."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Weekly Discourse of the Great Brooklyn Prescher.

TEXT: "I shall go to him."-II Samuel rii., 23.

There is a very sick child in the abode of David the King. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young Prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas for David the King. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prograte on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outery of woe. What are courtly attendants or victorious armies or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What, to any parent, is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passes on. There in that great house two eyelds are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear one heart still. The servants come to the tidings to the King, but they ca make up their minds to tell him, and they make up their minds to tell blm, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them: "Is the child dead?" "Yes; he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What spower hushel that tempest? What strength was it that litted up that King whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession. that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death

could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims: "I shall go to him." Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred. a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without hav-ing appointed a time and place for meet-ing, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went op on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and he looked off upon it again, and he said: "fen thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again

could not put out the bright light.

and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim or is it a granitic foundation upon lessening desertions. The new provision that \$4 per month shall be deducted from the soldier's pay for the first year, and held as security against his desertion, would seem to be a strong additional safeguard against his taking each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say: "Ah, that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be torn out leaf of a book, and here and ther is the mark of a tear, and I say:

is a broken heart, and it wants to be com-The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive curtainty. People say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upor this matter which will prove the doctrine future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of re-union at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepul-

as the dying kiss at the door of the separ-cher

Now, when you are going to build a ship
you must get the right kind of timber. You
lay the keel and make the framework of the
very best materials, the keelson, stanchions,
plank shear, counter timber-knee, transoms,
all of solid cak. You may build a ship of
lighter material, but when the cyclone comes
of traill godown. Now may have a on it will go down. Now we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world, but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hur-ricane of death, we will be swamped—we wil be foundered. We want a theory built out of the solid oak of God's eternal Word. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often pos-ltively stated in the Word of God as implied and you know, my friends, that that is after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dres-den and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down, its chapters take it for granted.

chapters take it for granted.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation. We read in the first book of the Bible, Abra ham died and was gathered to his people.

Jacob died and was gathered to his people.

Moses died and was gathered to his people.

Moses died and was gathered to his people.

What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor, ove which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of that mountain and lifts it into the glories of celestial. Curist's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth coull recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have will not be able to recognize those gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?
The Bible indicates over and over again

that the angels know each other, and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels; and if the angels have the power of recognition shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as of recognition shall not we will also so higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean in His conversation with Mary and Martha when He said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourself out with this trouble. You will see Him again. Thy brother shall rise again."

The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better then than now; "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but

then face to face." It will be my purified, enthround and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthround and glorified body.

Now I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying! "I hope it is so, I have an idea it is so, I guess it is so." Be able

to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so." There are in addition to these Bible argu-ments other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place because the rejec-tion of is implies the entire obliteration of tion of it implies the entire contention of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come, and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives: "Son, remember."
If the exiled and lost remember will not the enthroned remember?
You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a pic-

ture with less than four eyes or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies, and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed, and when there sorges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction; it is an expansion. If I know you here I will know you better there. Here rou here I will know you better there. Here I ses you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality, ransomed spirit in colloque with ransomed spirit, victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Seetch minister, was seated in his study his wife came in and said to him: "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said: "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than think we will be bigger fools in heaven than

Again I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy af-firms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, Largue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God implanted, and if God implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Or-pheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death I could even be able to die often."

Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said:
"Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this "Oh, giorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and the most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the lows I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwesian believes it. The Indian The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believes it. The Turk believes it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted, and so I say a

principle universally implanted must be God implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and feat-ures of the soul that will distinguish us for-ever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity using the as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense, and if in the dust our body should perish, and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has e ures to make us distinguishable. I can un-derstand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own riends: but will we be blasted with such in best friends for all eternity, we will never

ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted. The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been tolling for Christ, have they who have been tolling for Christ, have diey seen the full result of their work? Oh, no. In the church of Somerville, N. J., John Vredenburgh preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister, preaching the Gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somer-ville, and one Sabbath two hundred soul stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious imsouls was that they dated their religious im-pressions from the ministry of John Vreden Will that good Christian man be fore the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instru-mentality? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne own with the sense of my sins, and know ot God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise Oh, what a dark at and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see l'hilip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote. It is out of

There is a mother before the throne fod. You say her joy is full. Is it? Y say there can be no augmentation of it. Can-not there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented? Let them confron each other. The son and the mother. "Oh, she says to the angles of God, "rejoice with me. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says ma-tions are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Aboet! When India comes will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainard? I see a soul entering heaven at last with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from the throne says: "Oh, you forget that Sunday-school class you invited to Christ. I was one of them." And another voice says: "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread and told of the heavenly bread.

oaf of bread and told of the ther says: "You I was that man." And another says: "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medition for the body and the soul. I was that cine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne over-topping all the rest, will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to Me." And then the scraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne and cry: "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say: "It shall be the 'Harvest Home."
One more resers why Lam disposed to ac-One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is

that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their de parted children and children see their de parted parents. I came down to the bank of the Mohawk River. It was evening and wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after a while I saw January was 3, some one waving on the opposite bank and I 50,000 Indians.

and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore and they will give a signal back to us, and the beat comes and our departed kindred are the carsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles. Oh, have you never sat by such a death-bed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! Look!" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting

weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while and wasted little one little her hands, which her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out "Mother!" You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me: "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around them.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the eveningtide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are sented talking and enjoying While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sconer do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice

there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister?" You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye and the ruddy cheek and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung her-self into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help

but know it.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away and coming on; and today, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead and listen and hear in the distance we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrec-tion victory. O heaven, sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it he-a-v-e-n-heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love and beauty and joy you spell it as never before in sougs and hallelujahs. of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since the shiring shore.

them last. On the shining you saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all over, and then hand in hand walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, in death. O, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage and Story of vacant chair and empty cra birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness, some break forth into uncontrolable weeping for

break forth into uncontrolable weeping for joy, some stand speechless in their shock of joy, some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing, they quiver with exces sive gladness, they gaze on the temples, or the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they striks it on timbrels, and then all the loved one gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of

Oh, how different it is on earth from the Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies We say, "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Raise him on a throne." Or earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river and the water comes to the ankle. He says "ford water comes to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ "this is not death." And he wades stil deeper down into the waters until the floor comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, is this death." And Christ says, "No, no; this is not death." And he wades still farther not death." And he wades still farther down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted that soul on a throne of glory, and the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "This, oh transported soul, this is death."

Rubbing After a Bath

A quick bath and a hard rub will work wonders in preparing a man for each day's battle among men. There are two stimulants in the process, first that of the cold water and then that of the friction. The rubbing should be done with an old-fashioned crash towel, not one of those alleged bath towels that one pays \$2.50 for at fashionable storesthey are no good-but a rough crash towel, which any woman will know where to buy. Rubbing with this will produce a good reaction after the bath, and without that the bath will prove hurtful rather than beneficial. Rub till the

skin is red .- Times-Democrat. The population of Chili on the first of January was 3,165,289. This includes

andle Don't forget that a broom will last

amily living-room with plants.

even if it is stormy.

Don't forget, if you are a tall woman, to have your work-table and ironing-

inished mending. Ten minutes' absolute rest is worth much to the tired Don't allow soiled clothes to remain in

the bed-rooms. They taint the air and nake it impure.

onversation .- American Agriculturist. It is found that few of the usual pre-

smined and the beetles destroyed .- Popular Science Monthly.

RECIPES.

with a good tablespoonful of butter or bacon dripping into the frying-pan; when the onion is colored, add the potatoes, about two cupfuls, and stir them about until they are a light brown. Strew with chopped parsley, and serve.

plenty of hot fat like doughnuts.

imperfect parts. Boil the ham slowly, serving them with salt, cayenne, and sherry.

cutting them in halves. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; gently mix in a heaping tablespoonful for each egg of XXX sugar, sifted free from lumps, and smoothly blend it with the beaten whites. Lay the peaches on a soufflepan or a platter which withstand oven heat, heap the meringue over each, and quickly brown the surface in a moderate oven. If a crisp, sugary surface is desired, lightly dust over it a little powdered sugar berore browning it. The surface of the meringue should indicate the little mounds of fruit under it. If properly made with ripe peaches the dish is de

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